

## TUBULAR BELL CHIME

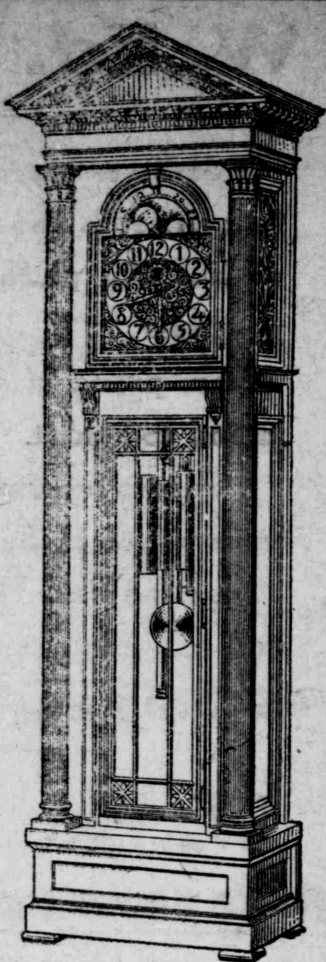
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## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

If you enter Mme. Bergnes' cottage you see on a black column just inside the door a stuffed dog which seems to guard the house. That is Clarine, and if you pat the dog in passing by, you will win the undying gratitude of the old lady, and that is worth having, at least if you are a child, for Mme. Bergnes' larder is full of pots of delicious jam and her dining room is a veritable paradise to all the children of the neighborhood.

Mme. Bergnes was a widow even in my childhood and lived alone with Marton, her old servant maid, her jam pots and her rosaries. The priest and a few people of the village occasionally visited her, and every spring, during the month of St. Mary, all the little girls were invited to pick roses in her garden to decorate the altar.

One afternoon when the servant had gone to the village, Mme. Bergnes' doorbell rang. She opened the door and found herself facing a young, and rather good-looking man, who asked for work.

"Work, my boy," the old lady replied; "what kind of work do you suppose I can give you? I have only a small garden which the Swiss tends to during his leisure hours, and I have no need of any other help."

"But I am dying with hunger and can hardly stand on my feet."

"Then come inside and I will give you something to eat."

The man entered and Mme. Bergnes had him sit down in her dining room and give him some cold chicken, bread, cheese and a bottle of wine. He looked around at everything in the room. At his feet he had a little dog, which Mme. Bergnes, who did not care for animals, kept a close eye on. When he had finished examining the dining room and admiring the beautiful solid silver-ware, he said: "And do you really live here alone in this lonely place?"

"Oh, no," Mme. Bergnes replied. "I have Marton, my servant girl, and her nephew, the Swiss, who sleeps here several nights a week."

"Not every night then! You are certainly right in being careful, being so close to the highway."

"So many crimes are committed," said the old lady with a sigh.

The vagrant took a big swallow, praised his charitable hostess, wine, and rising from the table, said: "I thank you, madame, for your kindness to me, and wish that all honest men in search of work might be treated the same everywhere. I shall have to go now, since you can give me no work. There is nothing to be had in this village, so I must go farther, but before I leave you I ask you to accept this dog as a present."

He whistled and the dog jumped to its feet.

"But I do not like dogs," the old lady objected.

"It is not a question of liking, but of making them useful. This dog will guard your house better than a man; it would rather be killed on the spot than let anybody pass it. I love it myself, but having no work or shelter I would rather give it away to somebody who will be good to it than drag it around with me. It is dying with hunger."

Mme. Bergnes was moved. Marton, of course, would growl a little, but after all the man was right, she did need a watchdog. She decided to keep it.

"It's name is 'Clarine,'" said the tramp as he left.

An hour later when Marton came back from the village the dog would not let her enter the house until Mme. Bergnes had petted it and formally introduced the maid. Marton did scold some, but she saw it might be counted on to keep intruders out, so she quieted down. She was always a little afraid the nights when her nephew did not sleep in the house. He was not coming tonight, so it was really a blessing to have a dog. In a closet she found an old traveling rug, placed it near the door, and Clarine, after having been well fed, laid down to sleep on her post. Thus it was every evening—at the slightest noise Clarine was on the alert.

At last it almost ruled the house and was treated like a queen.

A few nights later at midnight Mme. Bergnes was awakened by the dog barking furiously.

"Marton," she cried with trembling voice.

The servant came rushing in, her teeth chattering with fear.

"They will murder us; we must cry for help." She opened the window and screamed: "Help! Murder!" at the top of her voice.

In the hall outside there was the noise of a struggle. The dog barked, and pugging from the oaths of the intruder it bit him too.

"Help! Murder!" the old woman screamed.

An answering shout came from a neighboring farm. After another hoarse bark and growl the dog grew silent, and Marton saw a man running away through the garden. Mme. Bergnes thought she recognized her tramp.

Then the farmer came with two of his sons, and Marton lit a lamp. On the threshold, bleeding from many knife wounds, the dog was found dying.

Two days later the burglar was arrested—it was the tramp, and Mme. Bergnes told all who would listen the story of the brave little dog who had defended her at the cost of its life even against its master of a few days before.

Clarine deserved a statue, and Mme. Bergnes had it stuffed.



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## They Pass On.

"Yes, I had given a good deal of thought to the tramp problem," said the Long Island farmer, "when the idea came to me all at once last summer. It had done no good whatever putting up signs warning them or to keep a bulldog at the gate. What I did was to put up signs for several miles around inviting the Wearies to call at my farm day or night and receive a cordial welcome. They averaged three per day before the signs were up; after that I did not get one a week. Early in November a big husky came along and was passing by when I hailed him and asked him to come in. He stood on one foot for a minute and then asked:

"Got any constables hidden in the barn?"

"Not a one."

"How many dogs you got?"

"Only this one, and he is harmless."

"Any spring guns or bear traps lying around loose?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"But a fellow has got to do a day's work to get a meal?"

"No work at all. You come right in and get a square meal and a smoke, and if you want to stay all night, I'll give you the best bed in the house."

"He looked at me in a puzzled way for a long minute," continued the farmer, "and then indulged in a wink and smile, and said:

"You can't work that racket on me, old man! This is my sixteenth year on the road."

"But what racket do you mean?"

"Putting pizen in the champagne and selling my cadaver to a medical college for 25 bones! Oh, no—noth this time—s'mother time!"

## At the Dinner Table.

"Our splendid cook left today and I had to take her place," said Mrs. Stagers. "I hope I shall be successful in imitating her."

"I certainly hope you will be successful in following in her footsteps," suggestively remarked old man Stagers as he chewed on a crisp-boiled potato.

## Old-Time Speed Maniacs.

A century and a half ago the wayfarer on England's great highways was little better off in the matter of security from accident than he is in these days of speed-loving motorists. A French traveler in 1765, recording his journeys from Dover to London, explained the existence of the wayside footpath marked off by posts as being due to "the extreme speed at which the English vehicles drive in the country (contrary to their practice in the towns), never stopping to avoid running over and maiming foot passengers."

## Another Misunderstanding.

A South side mad went home and told his wife that the doctors had discovered the craving for whisky was caused by auto-intoxication. "That's right," exclaimed the woman, who was trying to induce her husband to buy a machine. "Blame it on the auto!"

## Burglar Proof Lock.

Make a staple four inches long out of wire, common fence wire will do. Place this staple astride the doorknob, on inside, run one prong of staple through eyelet in door key after locking door, and no burglar can open our door from the outside.

## Incurable.

From Alabama comes the story of a hand-shaking ghost. Even death, it seems, cannot break some men of the habit of running for office.

## Best to Conceal Sorrows.

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